

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE.

NO. 25.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY, 28, 1810.

NO. 1119

THE

VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

EDWARD returned no more, but I met him soon after, and he told me of a plan he had in view. He had a brother in Jamaica, in a flourishing business; he proposed going out to him and remain a year or two, till he had got some addition to his fortune, which would render him more agreeable to my mother: this plan I objected to; he might not agree with the climate, and it held out a prospect of a long separation; but he soothed my fears, and I consented.

Our parting was affecting; we exchanged tokens of constancy, but little thought I that I looked on Edward for the last time. He went to Jamaica, and caught a fever, and died a few days after his landing.

I received the melancholy intelligence some months after, also! all my fears had been too well grounded. I cannot describe to you the effect it had upon my health and spirits. I determined that no one should ever fill his place in my affections: no, they are buried with him in his grave, and the beloved token he gave me at parting is all that remains of him. I often sit and weep whole hours over it.

What added to my affection was, that my cruel mother seemed to rejoice at my calamity: she now thought that I was at liberty to make another choice, and she instantly set about means to bring forward connections with a man of considerable fortune, (but whom I could not esteem), to whom it had long been her wish to see me united. In vain I told her, that my heart could not be transferred to another: she laughed at my nice scruples, and told me she was not going to be trifled with in that way: she insisted upon me either marrying the gentleman she proposed, or quitting her house and protection for ever.

The last of these conditions I immediately agreed upon, as nothing should ever make me forget my vows to Edward: though his bones were buried on a foreign shore, yet could I forget that for me he had left a peaceful home, and found an early grave among strangers?

Thus determined, I left my mother's house, and she saw me depart without the smallest emotion! my sister was anxious that I should yet remain; but my plan was fixed; I took an affectionate farewell of her, and departed. I had travelled one day, when your goodness found me to-night on the banks of the Yarrow; I cannot think of this stream without weeping, for along its banks I have wandered in happier days with my Edward.

Here Charlotte ended her narrative, and we retired to rest, but sleep fled from my eyes; Charlotte and her Edward occupied all my thoughts. I arose early in the morning, and went to give my father and sister the history of our fair adventurer: my father was so much interested in her, that I exerted all my eloquence

with him, to allow her to remain with us. He at length agreed to my proposal, that Charlotte should attend upon my sister and me. Away I fled to Charlotte, whose gratitude and joy was unbounded. She remains in our house, and I shall not be exacting as to her services, remember that one should treat with tenderness and delicacy, those who have known better days, and suffered such poignant affliction.

FROM OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THE MERRY ANDREW.

"I loves fun."

Lecture on Heads.

The following droll adventure having been just received from a correspondent, who styles himself JACK SPRIGHTLY, I beg leave to give it in this number.

Mr. Merry Andrew,

As I was taking a ramble t'other night—for I loves fun—and being in a wonderful disposition for a frolic, I happened to spy, near a certain square, a very handsome lass at the kitchen window. I beckoned with a good deal of familiarity, and she, by no means deficient in ease and freedom, opened the kitchen door, and asked my business. I first inquired if she was alone; she was, her old and young mistresses being above stairs. I then requested she would open the street door, and give me admittance, for that I had something for her; this she refused, observing they would hear the noise in the hall, and she would be obliged to inform the ladies who it was, "but," added she, "if you want any thing very particular with me can't you jump over the rails?"—The invitation was enough, for she was a bewitching little girl; so over I went: for you must know, Mr. Andrew, that I am a most excellent vaulter, having frequently jumped over a table and two forms at school, and beat Tim Longleg hollow in skimming a post. I was soon admitted before a large comfortable fire, where, *sans ceremonie*, I sat down with my lass, and was about entering into conversation, when, very prudently, my girl requested I would suppress my voice for fear the ladies above stairs might hear me, who, she told were aunt and niece; the former a disappointed old maid, who consequently wished her niece never to marry, and the latter, apprehensive of leading asses, on account of the strict vigilance of the old lady. Now having promised to be exceedingly cautious, I was just going to make a very tender speech, when a sudden alarm of the bell interrupted me.—Betty, (for that was her name) was under the necessity of attending; but suggested that I had better conceal myself for fear her young mistress might, during her stay, come down stairs and discover me. I readily consented, for nothing in the world gives me greater pleasure than being in a comic adventure, or running the hazard of a scrape. I declared that for love of her I would go any where—up the chimney, into the cellar, under the table—neither of these three

lurking holes were deemed safe by my fair counsellor; she therefore prayed me to hide in her bed, which I did, and which she turned upon me. I was here half suffocated for some time; at last I heard Betty's voice, who came, I was in hopes to release me; but on the contrary, it was with the comfortable news that I must remain in this situation longer, as she was going out of a message. What was to be done? If I had not been content to bear this suffocation for half an hour more, the girl would have suspected my love for her.—Betty departed—I endeavored to reconcile myself to my fate, hoping that a future opportunity would render the bed more comfortable. Some minutes elapsed, when I heard a foot in the kitchen. I guessed immediately that it was one of the ladies—lie close, was my determination; but happening to lie too close, and not properly balancing myself, down the bed tumbled and so discovered your humble servant at full length.

It was the young lady I saw. She started with astonishment. I expected a fine female shrill scream, as that, I think, is the custom of ladies whenever surprised, or affecting amazement; but fortunately for me, Miss was afraid to call out; and softly enquiring with a half muttered exclamation, who and what I was, I replied, with a great deal of coolness and a nod of my head, "Hush! my dear sweet angel! did not Betty tell you—I hope she apprised you of my intentions?" "Lord no sir." "No! I shall never forgive her then. Oh, my divine charmer! I have been dying this year for you! and resolving to rescue you from the vigilance of a foolish old aunt, I am come this evening to accomplish my design!" The young lady was quite delighted, and quite agitated; but hearing her old aunt upon the stairs, was fifty times more alarmed, than when she saw me: she requested me to conceal myself immediately, and endeavoured to turn me up in bed; but I and the bed were too heavy for her. I then told her to let it stay as it was, and I would try to creep under it, which I did with some difficulty. The old lady chided her niece for staying so long without bringing up the bason, which she had sent her for and then ordered her to make haste and lay the things for supper. Miss departed full of fear, no doubt; the old aunt remained collecting some plates: but the lap dog who followed her, thrusting his nose under the bed, and spying Mr. snug as I lay, began to bark and growl most devilishly; this induced the lady to turn up the bed, having previously raised at Betty's neglect. The reader may conceive my situation—a pretty situation indeed—but, quick as thought, I stood upon my feet and stared in the old lady's face; then giving her a most loving embrace, stopped her mouth with a kiss, and thanked the Gods for introducing me to my charmer. The poor weatherbeaten girl was exceedingly well pleased with this title; and after the usual interrogations, I hoped she had received the letter I had given to Betty for her. She exclaimed No! I pretended great concern; at last Betty's knock at the door roused the old lady. She was determined to have an explanation; but while she hastened to open it, I flew to the rails, and as I found the way

into the house, soon made it the same method of departing, laughing with myself at the credulity of these woman, who, no doubt, upon missing me, had a conical scene between themselves.

VARIETY.

The Use of a Beau.

Kotzebue, in his journey from Berlin to Paris, has the following anecdote. A lady of Paris asked her daughter, 'Why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks like a model in a church steeple, to be continually following you?' 'Lord!' replied the daughter, 'I must blow my nose, must not I?' The lady had neither pockets or rideau—The Beau carried her pocket handkerchief!

Let both speak at once.

Dr. Johnson highly disapproved of a ridiculous practice that prevails with many parents, who exhibit the talents of their children to almost every visitor, often in the most disgusting manner. He was once with a friend, who proposed that his two children should repeat Gray's elegy alternately, that he might judge which had the best cadence.—No, pray, Sir, (says the doctor) let the dears both speak at once—more noise will be that means be made—and the noise will be the sooner over.

LACONICISM.

When Philip, king of Macedon, requested the Lacedemonians to send deputies to the assembly held at Corinth, they refused. Philip complained of their neglect with haughtiness, but only received the following answer. 'If you imagine yourself to be grown greater since your victory, measure your shadow; you will find it has not lengthened a single inch.' Philip, irritated, replied, 'If I enter Laconia, I will drive you all out of the country.' They returned him for answer the single word—'If'.

That men usually grow more covetous as they grow older, does not so much proceed from the increase of their affection for wealth, as from the decrease of their inclination for any thing besides.—Their regard for money continues the same, but they meet with fewer temptations to part with it;—their love of pleasure is lessened by satiety, their ambition by disappointments, their prodigality by experience, and their generosity by ingratitude.

Chesterfield who was not very rigid in his morals, in a letter to his friend Bayles, thus judiciously expresses his opinions of the levity of the philosophers of Eternity:

'Your good authors are my chief resources, for at present we have none of our own. Voltaire especially, old and decrepit as he may well be: for he is exactly of my age, delights me by his impetuosity, with which he cannot forbear larding every thing he writes. It would be much wiser in him to suppress it, for, after all, no man ought to break through the order established. Let every one think as he pleases, or as he can; but let him keep his notions to himself, if they be of such a nature as to disturb the peace of society.'

The following toast was lately given at a public dinner in London:

May Bonaparte's fleets and sailors
Swim like the geese of English tailors.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO MY LYRE.

Thou simple lyre, thy music wild.
Has served to charm the weary hour;
And many a lonely night has quitted,
When even pain has owned, and smiled,
Thy fascinating power.

Yet, Oh! my lyre, the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones,
Thou mightiest minstrel, halping loud,
Engross, and thou and I must thread
Where dark oblivion thrones

Untaught to throw thy beauties o'er,
Unskilled to feel the sweeter sublime,
For me no academic lore
Has taught the polished stream to pour,
Or build the finished rhyme.

Yet thou to sylvan scenes can soar,
Thou knowest to charm the woodland train,
The rustic swains believed thy power,
Could hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

These honors, lyre, we yet may keep,
I still unknown may live with thee,
And nimble zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn strings, when low I sleep
Beneath the willow tree.

This little dirge will please me more,
Than the full requiem's peal,
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh,
For me, that from some kinder eye
The trickling tear would steal.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
Perhaps from me debarred;
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which, snatched from learning's labour'd throne,
Adorns th' accepted bard.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The following expedient, which he adopted to cure his nobles of their extravagance in dress, ought not to be passed over in silence, as it strikingly portrays the manners of the times. The emperor himself commonly wore the simplest attire, except upon occasions of great pomp and splendour. In his doubt of other's skin, put over his woollen tunic, and his sash of a blue colour, he was carefully to be distinguished from the meanest of his subjects. One morning, having perceived his courtiers decked out in their most costly habiliments, he proposed that they should immediately take the exercise of hunting. His invitation, or rather command, admitted of no refusal, for small is the distinction between these two words, when they fell from the lips of the monarch. He appeared in a cloak of sheep's skin, tied negligently across his shoulders, and which afforded a good covering during a heavy fall of snow, that, most opportunely to his wishes, happened while they were attending him in this recreation. But their silks were torn by the brambles, and spoiled by the snow. When the chase was finished, benumbed with cold, and anxious to repair the damage done their dresses, they begged leave to withdraw. The malicious monarch foresaw and prevented their intentions, by passing them to follow his example, and dry their clothes before a great fire, which he had ready for that purpose. Although highly delighted with their embarrassment, he affected not to perceive the effects of the fire in drying their dresses, and shriveling them into the most uncouth shapes. In dismissing them from his presence, he said, 'To-morrow we will take our revenge, and in the same habits.' When they appeared the following day in their torn and disfigured garments, they furnished a most ridiculous spectacle to the whole court. The Emperor, after having rallied them on their absurdity, at last exclaimed 'Fools that you are, now perceive the difference between your luxury and my simplicity! My dress covers and defends me, and when worn out is of no consequence; while your rich attires, liable to be spoiled by the least accident, almost amount, in value, to a large treasure.'

Extract from Silliman's Travels.

'Mr. West, you know, has long held a high rank in the favour and patronage of the king. As this patronage began before the American war, it was natural to expect either that it would have been withdrawn when that crisis came on; or, that, at least, all sympathy with his countrymen must have been studiously concealed on the part of Mr. West. But much to the credit of this gentleman and of his royal patron, no such disgraceful compliances were either conceded or required. I have heard an anecdote on this subject, which ought to be published for the honour of both parties.

'During the American war, Mr. West was employed at Windsor Castle, in painting an historical piece for his Majesty, who often attended in person to observe the progress of the work. The etiquette of the court is, it seems, that no man speaks loud in his majesty's presence, unless first spoken to by him; all other conversation is conducted in whispers. The King was in the painting room, one morning, as usual, and a number of the courtiers were present, among whom was a particular nobleman, who had long been envious of Mr. West's high standing with the king, and was using every artifice to wound his fame. It happened that a gazette extraordinary had that morning been sent down from London, giving an account of the battle of Camden, in South Carolina. This nobleman thought would be a good opportunity to attack Mr. West in presence of the king. Accordingly, without paying any regard to the propriety of the occasion, he addressed Mr. West in a loud voice, and a short dialogue ensued in nearly the following terms: Mr. West have you heard the news from town this morning? No, sir, I have not seen the papers of to-day. Then, sir, let me inform you, that his majesty's troops in South Carolina have gained a splendid victory over the rebels, your countrymen; this, I suppose, cannot be very pleasant news to you, Mr. West! Mr. West saw the news that was laid for him, and determined if he met the he would die like a man—He therefore replied, No, sir, this is not pleasant news to me, for I can never rejoice at the misfortunes of my countrymen. The king, who till this moment had not appeared to regard the

THE OLD MAID.

A PARODY.

I do remember a precise old maid,
And hereabouts she dwells—whom late I noted
In rustling gown, with wan and withered lips,
Demure and formal, dusting cloth in hand,
Kubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.
Envy had worn her to the very bones;
And in her shining parlour flower-pots stood,
Decked with geranium and jessamine.
And orange trees, and roses, pinks, and lilies,
Were duly set for ornament or use,
'Bachelor's buttons,' crisp as she herself,
And lowly passion flower, type of love.
Six chairs, two tables, and a looking glass,
Were burnished bright and oft; and round the room
On wall, in closet, or on mantle-piece,
An old work-basket, and tangle,
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,
With lamb or lap dog hanging on the arm,
Novels from Circulating Library,
'Law's Serious Call to Unconverted Folk's,'
Love elegies, a bible, and a cat,
Were duly set for ornament or use,
As spleen prevailed or visitors came in.
Listening, as through the house her shrill voice
Screamed,
Scolding her servants, to myself I said,
And if a man did wish to gain a wife,
With show of courtship, here's an ancient maid,
Whose lips have practised long before the glass
The faint refusal—and the eager yes
Following as quick as echo to the sound.
And this same thought does but foreman my need.
I'll instant seek—some younger maid to wed!
As I remember this should be the house;
Being twilight hour she's out upon the trot,
To barter scandal for a cup of tea.

It is virtue only that repels fear, and fear only that makes life troublesome.

conversations, and said to Mr. West, that a few days ago, and then addressing himself to the lady, said—Sir, let me tell you, that, in my opinion, any man who is capable of rejecting the calamities of his country, will never make a good subject of any government.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 28, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 46 persons, (of whom 32 were men, 10 women, 10 boys, and 4 girls) during two weeks, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 2, casualties 2, cholera-morbus 1, consumption 9, convulsions 5, dropsy 4, dropsy in the head 1, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 11, hives 7, inflammation of the stomach 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, mortification 1, rickets 1, sprue 2, stillborn 1, and 1 of sudden death.

The cases of casualty were Moses T. Crane, aged 30 years, killed by the accidental discharge of a musket; and Robert Ross, a native of Ireland, aged 26 years, whose death was occasioned by a fall.

On Monday last, a man by the name of Braid, aged about 30 years, and of a genteel appearance, was apprehended and committed to Bridewell, on a charge of forgery. He had passed several checks on the different Banks, to book-sellers and store-keepers, which he exchanged for goods. The checks were in the names of W. and R. Bruce, R. Bruce, J. Frost, and others.

N. Y. Gazette

A fire broke out in the city of Williamsburgh, on Tuesday night, the 17th inst. which consumed four or five dwelling houses on the Main-street, and a part of the Raleigh Tavern.

From the National Intelligencer.

We are informed that on the 24th June 1810, the United States brig Vixen, Lieut. Trippe, carrying 16 guns, on her way to New-Orleans, under orders from our government, near the Bahamas was, in a wanton and unprovoked manner, fired into by the British sloop of war, the Moselle, Capt. Boyce, rating 20 guns, 32 pounders—a 32 pound shot carried away the main boom of the Vixen within a short distance of Col. Poindeexter, a member of Congress, who, with his family, had taken passage on board on his return from Congress; and a splinter from the boom wounded slightly Mr. Rodney, son of the attorney general of the United States, who likewise was on his way to New-Orleans.

MUNGO PARK.—The London papers of the 19th of May, received at Boston, states that Mr. Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller, who has been so long thought dead, is still alive in the interior of Africa; and hopes were entertained that he might yet live to return to his native country.

Windsor, (Ver.) July 9.—On Monday night last, the meeting house in Reading was consumed, supposed to be set on fire by some evil-minded person. Circumstances appearing pretty strong against Doct. Woodbury Macey, he was arrested, and on Tuesday bound over to the supreme court, next to be holden at Woodstock, in the sum of 3000 dollars. Since being arrested he has made two attempts to acquit himself by suicide, but did not succeed.

An attempt was made at Norfolk on Tuesday night the 7th inst. to burn down the block of wooden buildings in Hansford's-lane. A composition of chips, oakum, &c. was placed beneath one of the houses, which soon kindled and communicated itself to the first floor. Providentially it was discovered in time to allay its progress, otherwise a numerous and industrious class of citizens would have been bereft of their homes, the fruit of persevering toil and labour. Suspicion has alighted on a negro woman as the perpetrator of this act. She has undergone an examination, the result of which has not transpired.

Mer. Adv.

St. Louis, (Louisiana) June 24.—A gentleman just arrived here from above the River Platt, on the Missouri, reports that the Paines, Packas, Maha, Otto, Missouri, Sinex, Osage and many other nations are at present in open war with each other; Rogers, the Shawanie Chief, has received information a few days ago of the murder of three of his people who were out hunting on the Gasconade, by the Osages; if this information proves true there is no doubt of a very formidable expedition consisting of Mississippi and Wabash-Indians being set on foot this summer against the offending party.

First infraction of the Virginia Anti-Duelling law.—A duel was fought near Wythe court house, in Virginia, on the 3th ult. between Mr. Robert Taylor, and Mr. William Patton. Mr. Taylor fell the second fire. The cause of the duel originated in a contention for the hand of a young lady, whom they were both at the same time addressing.

Farmers Rep.

The once-famous Asiatic Nabob, Paul Benfield, who brought from the East Indies, a fortune little less than a Million sterling, died lately at Paris in very indigent circumstances.

SPORT AMONG BRUTES.

From a London Paper.

Boxing.—The first meeting of note of this season, amongst the snuffers of pugilism, took place on Thursday afternoon, on Red Oak Common, near Acton, to attend an exhibition between two professors, of the names of Ballard and Hall. The former has contested many successful battles under the tuition of Caleb Baldwin, the veteran. Hall is a candidate for fame from Bristol. The contest was for a subscription purse of 20 guineas, Hall was the favorite at setting to. In the first round it was seen that Hall was without science, and Ballard pinked his head; but at the close of the round the Bristol man planted a half round fist on the side of Ballard's neck, and he fell. This hit brought betting two to one in favour of Hall, but although the fight might have been considered as have been taken out of Ballard, he rallied again in the next round, planted two hits on his adversary's eye, and gave himself an easy fall. He rallied again in the third round, and hit Hall on the left side, which pushed it up to the size of an egg. Hall had the best of the fight after this, although he can only be said to have one perfection which is making tremendous right hand blows. These blows, although slowly planted, Ballard was not able to stop, or get away from, and he fought under every disadvantage for half an hour, when he resigned, milled in a manner that would satisfy any glutton.

COURT OF HYMEN

HAIL! hail ye faithful lovers hail!
Your guardians be each heavenly power;
May lucky omens still prevail,
To mark the auspicious nuptial hour.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday the 18th inst. at the Friends Meeting house, in Liberty street, Benjamin Clark, Esq. to Miss Deborah Franklin, eldest daughter of Thomas Franklin, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday last, at Trinity Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Alfred S. Pell, to Miss Delia Duane daughter of the late James Duane Esq.

On Monday last, at Harlem, by the Rev. Dr. H. M. Moore, Mr. Joseph De Jough, of Liverpool to Miss Henrietta Williman, daughter of Christopher Williman, Esq. of South-Carolina.

When I see a beautiful sweet tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, what a pity it is, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.

FRANKLIN

At Hatfield, Mass. Rev. Evan Johns, of Harlem, in this State, to Miss Frances Lyman, daughter of the Rev. Doct. J. Lyman, of the former place.

Connecticut pap.

MORTALITY.

Unhappy he, who last feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign, is breath.

DIED.

On board the ship Gen. Hamilton, at sea, on Sunday last, Moses Zuntz, son of Mr. Alexander Zuntz, of this city, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. at Jamaica, Long-Island of the typhus fever, Miss Clarissa Keteltas, youngest daughter of the late Abraham Keteltas.

In England, 10th of May, the celebrated Chevalier Charles Generieux Louis Auguste Andre Timothee D'Eon, aged, 63.

In the same place, the Rev. Thomas Hemaby, D. D. and F. R. S. Savilian professor of Astronomy, Professor of Natural Philosophy, in the University of Oxford, aged 76. Sir William Moore, Bart. aged 74.

In Edinburg, Lieut. Angus D'Donnell, aged 63; he served as an officer during Wolfe's American campaigns, and was twice wounded in the battle when that general fell.

In Plymouth England, John Dugorn, a pilot of a man of war: He had been married six months, and having returned from sea, without any cause became jealous of his wife, desired her to go into another room with him, where he deliberately drew a pistol and shot her through the heart: He afterwards fired another pistol through his own heart, and expired on his wife's body.

On Friday morning, the 20th inst. of a short but painful illness which she bore with Christian Fortitude and Resignation, Miss Rebecca Hart, daughter of the late Jacob Hart, of this city. But in deploring the loss of our youthful friend, let us record of her, that her mild and amiable disposition endeared her to many, and in a heart fraught with purity and goodness, humility and affection, with a pleasing cheerfulness of disposition, were truly blended with piety and virtue.

Yes, all must yield to Death's remorseless Rage,
Creation's brow shall wrinkle up with age,
Time shall remove the key stone from the sky,
Heaven's Roof shall fall and all but Virtue die.

COTTON BALLS AND BONNET WIRE.

American and English manufactured Cotton Balls and Bonnet Wires, the first quality, and of all numbers, for sale by

SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,

119 William Street,

March 10,

1099—tf

Cash given for clean Cotton and Bonnet Wires at this office

COURT OF APOLLO.

PUNNING SONG.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

I AM worse than poor debtors couped up in their cages;

Board wages I had, now bare boards are my wages;
To get into bad bread sure I had no call, Sir,
But bad bread is better than no bread at all, Sir!

All, Sir,
Small, Sir,
No bread at all, Sir, oh!

Oh! had I a wife, though half-starved like your humble,
There's some consolation in something to mumble;
Yet I'm married though single—I tell you no fibs, Sir,

For examine me well, I am nothing but ribs, Sir,
Fibs, Sir,
Ribs, Sir,
Nothing but ribs, Sir, oh!

Was ever poor servant in such a disaster!
I am mastered by starving, and starved by my master;
I'm in a sad taking, with nothing to take, Sir,
I'd stake all I'm worth to be worth a beef-steak, Sir,
Steak, Sir,
Take, Sir,
Take a beef-steak, Sir, oh!

MY BARBER.

Who is it stands in yonder shop,
Enticing rough faced rogues to stop,
And trimming yon gay gallant fop?

My Barber.

Who is it rises every morn,
His fellow creatures to adorn,
By dint of steel, of soap and horn?

My Barber.

Who is it shaves me twice a week,
Takes the rough hair from off my cheek,
And makes my chin feel soft and sleek?

My Barber.

Who is it smooths my brow of care,
By easing it of useless hair,
Then rubs his soft pomatum there?

My Barber.

And can I ever cease to be
A constant customer to thee,
Who kindly does so much for me?

My Barber.

* Ah, no, the thought I cannot bear,
And when again perplexed with hair,
To thy neat shop will I repair,

My Barber.

But rhyming makes the beard grow long,
Come shave me to repay my song,
And all the bristles shall belong

To you, My Barber.

EPIGRAM.

When Boney took wife she was dear to his heart,
She was 'bone of his bone,' but 'tis now Bone-a-part.
That two should make two, he can never agree,
So now he is trying that two may make three.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH.

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose No. 159, Broad-Way, New-York.

Among the various complaints to which the human body is subject, there are, perhaps, none more universal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though there is no immediate danger, yet they are often both very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth being that part of the human frame by which the voice is considerably modulated, without considering what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery his study for thirty years, in London and America, besides his apprenticeship, has had an opportunity of gaining great information on this subject and others in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chymically prepared, Smith would now offer the public, is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and preserving the gums, fastening in those that are loose, making them firm and strong, preventing rotten and decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents severe and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to remain, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared, as it can be warranted, not to contain any of those acid and acrimonious substances, which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the end destroys the enamel, occasions severe pains and rottenness of the teeth; these with many other inconveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to have the materials of the best quality, and made in the most skillful manner, for those things when made by unskillful hands, greatly injures what it was at first intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under his own inspection.

4s per box.

March 10

1099—tf

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS.



Prepared after the original receipt from this distinguished European, dentist to the present proprietor who is induced, by the many requests of his acquaintances who have given it a trial, to offer this much esteemed preparation to the public in hopes of checking in part, the use of common and pernicious tooth powders which, by friction and the corrosive ingredients they usually contain soon destroy the enamel loosen and materially injure the teeth and gums.—

This mischief, and its distressing effects, is obviated by the peculiar properties of the tincture, which preserves and whitens the teeth, fastens those that are loose, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums, and completely eradicates the scurvy, which often proves destructive to a whole set of teeth. The tincture is of great value to persons wearing artificial teeth fastened to the natural ones, as it prevents the natural teeth from becoming loose, and the others from changing their colour.

Sold by appointment at the office of the Weekly Museum, No. 3, Peck-slip—at two shillings a bottle, with directions.

May 26.

1110—tf

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FOR THE YEAR 1809,

NEATLY BOUND,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

SCHOOL.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his patrons and the public, that he has commenced School at No 335, Water Street, near New-Slip, and teaches the art of Penmanship upon the latest and most approved plan, and proffers to equal any; and has introduced an entire new plan of teaching Spelling and Reading, whereby Pupils will, in three months, acquire more correct knowledge therein, than they possibly can in six months by any other plan or means hitherto used: Encouragement at which, and the other branches of English Literature, is earnestly solicited. The strictest attention will be paid to order and the civil deportment of the pupils, by W. D. LAZELI.

New-York, June 2

1111—tf

DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN with a pen for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

The floating Wax Tapers, which will burn ten hours and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfectly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick and others who may require or wish a light during the night.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, No 3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

1103

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. Apply at this Office.

The Economical and convenient Floating WAX TAPERS.

Having met with so rapid a sale, and having been proved upon long experience to be exceedingly useful in families where light is required during the night, and particularly with the sick. The real manufacturer in order to prevent the public from being imposed upon by any offered for sale to imitate them, hereby gives notice, that those which are genuine are sold at David Longworth's, (Shakespeare Gallery) No. 11 Park; M. and W. Ward's Book and Stationary Store, City Hotel, Broadway; and C. Harrison's, No. 3 Peck Slip—only.

From the care and attention which has been rendered to bring them to perfection, the public are assured that they may be depended upon to burn from 10 to 12 hours, may be made use of in a wine glass, tumbler, or other similar vessel, that they will not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and will give a good and sufficient light, exclusively of being perfectly safe from the danger of communicating fire.

They are sold in boxes of fifty each, and that no inconvenience or disappointment may be experienced, the original manufacturer's name (M. A. Kempton) is signed by himself on the label of each box.

July 21

1118—4t

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window-Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, put in the ground, and warranted tight by C. ALFORD,

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by DUNN AND ROTHERY, ROSE-STREET, Two doors from Pearl-Street

COMMON PRAYER BOOKS

Of variety of sizes, and Editions. For Sale at this Office

NEW-YORK,

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ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNU